

## Halloween of '85 by [maplestreet83](#)

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**Characters:** Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield

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**Summary:**

The party is exploring a haunted house, but suddenly Max is nowhere to be found. Lucas goes to look for her; she wouldn't just do this to give him a scare, right?

## Halloween of '85

### Author's Note:

Thought of this when writing chapter five of Back to You so here it is in honor of October and the start of the wait for Halloween! Working on the actual next chapter for Back to You right now, hope to post it as soon as my busy school schedule allows. Hope you like it!

The party had almost finished walking through the whole haunted house on Kernley, walked up the stairs where hands would come up between the steps to grab them and the hallway that had gross spider webs hanging from the ceiling and walls. They had just come out the room with the glow in the dark ghosts and zombies in it and were now walking down the corridor towards the next room, Dustin leading the way, declaring that he was sure it was going to be vampires. Lucas was sure he would hear Max from behind him argue with him, he knew her theories of the last room having the Frankenstein's monster in it, but she didn't. He turned to look back and saw she was nowhere to be found, even though she had just been there, following right after him as they'd gone down the stairs.

"Um, guys? Where's Max?" Lucas asked, the others turning to look back.

"Wasn't she just here?" Will asked as they stopped, all looking around.

"Yeah. But I'm sure she just went to check out the chainsaw murderer room again. She said she wanted to check if it was the school janitor in the costume," Lucas wondered, suddenly remembering what she had said as they had left that room.

"Okay, should we wait for her or?" Mike asked, looking over to the door in front of them.

"No, I'll go and find her. You guys go right ahead, we'll catch up," Lucas said, already starting to walk backwards along the hallway.

The rest of the party kept walking, entering the next room and Lucas could hear a faint "I told you guys!" from Dustin as he walked back to the little foyer with the staircase.

"Max? Are you here?" he yelled out, the floorboards creaking under his shoes as he looked around the room and up the stairs to the second floor where he could hear screams and the cackling of the animated witch puppet from one of the rooms.

"Dude, I know you're somewhere here," he added, getting a bit frustrated now.

"If you're trying to scare me then cut it out, cause I'm not going to fall for it..." he said, but before he could finish, there was a loud scream from behind him as something grabbed him and pulled him to the small space under the stairs. He jumped, letting out a high-pitched scream before he could help himself and immediately knew he had screwed up as he spun around to see Max doubled over in laughter, the hood of her beige Jedi cloak falling off of her head.

"Oh I got you! I got you so good!" she declared between bursts of laughter and Lucas rolled his eyes, crossing his arms over his chest.

"You done?" he asked, quirking up an eyebrow as she still kept going, the laughter fading into breathless giggles.

"I'm not sure," she said as her laughter finally faded, a bright smile still spread on her face as she took a step closer. "That scream of yours just gets me every time," she added, bringing up her arms and linking them behind his neck, looking up at him, her eyes twinkling in the dark.

"Okay I'm not kissing you with that thing on," Lucas declared, ducking his head back with a laugh. Max's eyes went wide in fake surprise as she brought one of her hands down to point at the fake beard she had on for her Obi-wan Kenobi costume.

"What? This thing? What do you have against Victor?"

"Wait, you named it?" Lucas asked, now getting truly confused.

"El did. After some soap opera character. I thought it fit," Max

explained, stroking her fingers through the fake beard dramatically.

“Okaaay. But that looks like it would be super scratchy so I’ll have to pass,” Lucas said, starting to take a step back.

“Ugh, fine,” Max exclaimed dramatically, casting her eyes up as she went to unhook the elastic bands holding the beard in place behind her ears, causing her long hair to fall onto her face a bit as a result. Dropping the beard on the floor somewhere and scratching her chin, she asked:

“There. Better?”

“Yup,” Lucas said, a grin on his face as he took a step closer, reaching out to brush his fingers through the strands of hair that had fallen over her face before gently cupping her cheek. Max smiled up at him before leaning forward, setting her lips on his in one quick peck, then another, and another. Shifting a bit in the cramped space, Lucas settled to lean against the wall in the corner below the stairs and Max linked her arms at the back of his neck again, the kiss becoming slow and languid, like they had all the time in the world. Which they knew wasn’t completely true as someone from the party would be there any minute to come and check on them. But right now they couldn’t really bring themselves to care all that much. Max leaned further into him, her hand trailing up to lazily brush the hair at the back of his neck and Lucas let out a sigh, his hands coming up to hold onto her waist below her huge Jedi cloak. She had a full winter coat under it though, as she still couldn’t stand the cold Indiana weather. But right now, or any time she spent time with him, she wasn’t cold at all, her chest warm and full of this giddy happiness that she would roll her eyes at if it were someone else. And she wasn’t sure if it was the adrenaline coursing through her after all the scares, the way how solid and familiar and warm it felt to have Lucas’s arms holding her, or how his lips tasted like candy corn as they moved together with hers, but in that moment Max felt so happy she could very well explode.

Suddenly there was a loud cackling sound followed by screams and a thump on the floor above them as a new group had entered the witch room and apparently gotten quite a scare to cause someone to fall over. The two of them jumped apart, their eyes snapping open as

they looked up towards the cause of the noise.

“Wimps,” Max said, shaking her head in disappointment but Lucas could do nothing but smile stupidly as he looked down at her. She was so fricking cool, and she had chosen him to date and to make out under staircases with. Him! Max looked up at him, tilting her head a bit in confusion at his dopey smile as she brought her hands down from behind his neck.

“Wanna head back before they come looking for us?” she asked, reaching her hand behind her to grab her hood to pull it back over her head.

“Yeah,” Lucas voiced, reaching over to help her, bringing the hood up and pushing her hair back.

“Thanks,” Max said, her hands lingering on his elbows where they had shifted as he had reached for her, his hand still gently holding onto the fabric of the hood. He leaned down, tugging on the hood just a bit as he kissed her one more time before saying:

“You know, you are the cutest and most awesome Jedi ever.”

“You damn right I am,” Max confirmed with a grin, giving him one last peck before spinning around, her cloak flowing around her as she started to head towards the hallway and the next room of horrors, her hand tightly holding onto his.